Vol. IV. Numb. 44.

THE OBSERVATOR.

A new Agreement betwixt the Obſervator *and his* Country man. *The Difference betwixt the Pope and the Emperour, with Reflections thereon.*

From **Wednesday** Auguſt the 29th, to **Saturday** September the 1ſt 1705.

Country-m. I Muſt perſwade you to get into your Old method of Writing for the Information of the *Publick*, and for the Inſtruction of the *Common People*. Let the *Jacobites* Curſe; the *High-Church-Men* Swear; the *Vilanous Scribblers* belie you; take no Notice of 'em. You, like the ſturdy *Oak*, the oftener you are ſhaken by the Winds of *Popery*, the faſter you'll be Rooted in the Ground of *Truth*; like *Camomile* Depreſs'd, the better you'll Thrive. 'Tis not what the Enemies of your Country ſay of you; 'tis not what the *Beau Writers*, thoſe empty wordy *Fops*, can object againſt you, will leſſen you in the eſteem of true *Engliſhmen*.

Obſ. Indeed, Honeſt *Country-man*, I am above the *Malice* of any of 'em. I Diſpiſe their Impotent *Rage*, and Pitty their Conſummate *Folly*. If the *Jacobites* and *High-Church-Men* rail, let 'em go on, in the *Devils* Name; 'tis a *Reputation* to have their ill Word; and as for the *Beau Writers* let 'em go on to tickle Mens *Fancies* with *Words*, and appear to Men of *Judgment* the *Skeletons* of *Sence*, leaving the Impreſſions of a *Feather* on Mens Underſtandings, which may be Obliterated by the next Minute of time. My Buſineſs is *Plainneſs*, and my Study ſhall be to Write yet Plainer to the meaneſt Capacity; and if I can but do good I have my End.

But, Honeſt *Country-man*, this Summer Seaſon you go oftner to *Town* than the *Obſervator*, you hear what the People ſay, and are capable of giving me Inſtruction in the Subjects to be Diſcours'd of, and therefore pray mind this Point.

Country-m. Maſter, will you Diſcourſe then on what Subjects I ſhall recommend?

Obſ. Yes, indeed, Honeſt *Country-man*, I will.

Country-m. Thank you, Maſter, with all my Spirit: Then, Pray tell the People, that inſtead of Directing their Letters for you, they ſhould Direct them for me; and I'll Read the *News*, hear the *Diſcourſe*, and Pick and Cull *Subjects* for you.

Obſ. 'Tis agreed. Come, Honeſt *Country-man*, let's bind the Bargain with a Glaſs of *October*, and then for Diſcourſe.

Country-m. Maſter, with all my Spirit. Here's to your good Health.

Look'ye, Maſter, all the Queſtions I ſhall put to you ſhall be for my own *Information*, and in that Caſe it will be for the *Information* of *all* the Honeſt Country Fellows, like my ſelf, and here on the *News* I obſerve a *ſomething* that I want Knowledge in.

The *He-Whore* of *Babylon*, the *Pope*; the *Emperour*, and his *Jeſuites*; the *French* King, his *Whores* and *Rogues*; the *Devil* and his *Imps*, are all of 'em going Helter Skelter to *War* with one another: The *Devil* take the Man that endeavours to part 'em, or that does not do what he can to ſet 'em on.

Obſ. This is rare *News*, indeed: But, Prithee, how didſt come by it?

Country-m. Here, here it is under my Thumb Hand, The *Pope*, God Confound him, has made the *Emperour* Chagrin, by means of his Carriage towards him. It ſeems the *Pope* has more Affection for his Old Son of a *W*——, that Graceleſs Child of his, the *French* King, than he has for his ſweet pretty Babe, the Young *Emperour*, who are both *Jure Diabolico*, his own Children. This Impartiality of Affection has made the young Son to *Rouſe* his *Nature* againſt his *Holy* and *Spiritual Father*, in like manner as *High-Church* has *Rous'd* its *Nature* againſt the *Queen*, God bleſs Her, and Her *Miniſtry*, in ſo much that Maſter *Lambergh*, the Emperours Ambaſſador, is got in the *Pouts*, and has withdrawn himſelf.

Upon this the Old Fellow call'd a Conſiſtory of *Infidels*, like himſelf, that go by the Name of *Cardinals*. Theſe Fellows, it ſeems, are his *Privy-Council*; and while they were in Conſult about the *Provocation* given the *Emperour*, one Monſieur *Fourbin*, a *French* Cardinal, had the *Impudence* to lean on the *Popes* Chair; his Deſign was to whiſper ſomething in his Ear, that might have the ſame effect as when the *Devil* Whiſper'd in the Ear of Granny *Eve*; but the reſt took it in another *Sence*, and ſaid *It was Impudence in him to Polute the* Holy Chair *with his* Unſanctified Elbows.

This cauſed a great Noiſe among the People, who ſaid, *That the* Pope *is ſo much addicted to the Intereſt of the two United Crowns of* France *and* Spain, *that he can refuſe nothing they demand; and that the Emperour knows how to Revenge himſelf when the* Pope *thinks leaſt of it, and then he will ſee whether* France *be able to deliver him out of the* Labyrinth.

Now, Maſter, what do you think of this? Do you really believe that the *Pope* and theſe *People* will *Fool out* in good earneſt?

Obſ. Not one Word of it. The Houſes of *Bourbon* and *Auſtria* have been alike *Guilty* of *Blood*, the Thouſands, the Hundreds of Thouſands of *Proteſtants* that they have *Murder'd* in *Cold Blood*; and the *Preſent Affairs* of the *Cevennes* and *Hungary* may alike recommend the *Emperor* and the *French Tyrant* to the *Popal Favour*. The *Pope*, the *Old Lyon*, Slumbers in his *Den*, benumn'd with *Age*, and unfit for *Ravening*; but his *Cubs*, his *Sons* of *Prey*, have always ſupply'd the *Defects* of their *Impotent Father*, and by the repeated *Cordials* of *Humane Blood* given him, he has been kept in Health and Strength ſome Hundreds of Years. Perhaps, the Circumſtance of the *War* will not allow him ſuch large quantities of *Proteſtant Blood* as formerly; the ſmall Thimble fulls from *Hungary* and the *Cevennes* are not ſufficient to keep up his *Spirits* and *Brutal Conſtitution*; he muſt have

have Bumpers: We may safely Pray, that the *He-Whore* of *Babylon* (since the Rivilets of *Protestant Blood* in some measure has fail'd, and nothing but Blood will do) *Give her Blood to Drink for she is worthy*, and let it be her own.

I have, sometime since, Discours'd of the Disadvantage for *Protestants* to *Confederate* with *Popish Powers*, and have shown you how *Holy Church*, I mean the *Wicked* and *Execrable Church* of *Rome*, has carried on an under-hand *Religious War*, during the *Present Confederacy*; and that the *Pope*, the common Source of *Mischief* and *Villany*, has been at the head of it. Now the *Empire* and *France* are under other Obligations to the *Pope*, than are *Protestant Powers*, he is their *Ecclesiastical Head* and *Governour*, and having assumed to himself a *Pretended Infallibility*, they pay him a *Divine Adoration*.

I will give you one plain Instance of the *Bigottry* of the *Popish Powers* to the *Papal Dignity*. The whole Dispute about the *Succession* to the *Crown* of *Spain*, the Territories and Dominions thereunto belonging, according to the *Romish Constitution*, was under the Determination of the *Pope*; He being an *Infallible Judge*, and Acting by *Divine Inspiration*, could tell whether the *Will* of the late King of *Spain* was Forg'd by Cardinal *Portocarrero* or not; he being a *Spiritual* and *Temporal Prince*, could tell which of the two *Pretensions* of *France* and the *Empire* had a *Divine* and *Temporal Legal Right* to that *Crown*.

But the *Suspension* of his *Judgment* in that Case, looks as if he encouraged the *Effusion* of *Blood*, even of his own *Devotes*; and by his Carriage to the *Emperour*, in more Instances than one, he has openly Declared himself a *Partizan* of *France*; which one would think should *Rouse* the *Emperour* to lay aside his *Principles* of *Religion*, so dangerous to the Welfare of the *Empire*, and try at last, which is most *Powerful*, the *Temporal* or *Spiritual Sword*.

Country-m. Master, I see the fault lies in the *Emperour*. The *Popes* do nothing without Money, they pretend that they have a Power to *Forgive Sins*, and that they can *Pray Souls* out of *Purgatory*; but the *Merciless*, *Unrelenting Old Hound* won't do't without Money. A poor Man, in the *Romish Communion*, is Damn'd as round as a Hoop; and for those poor Fellows that are in *Purgatory*, there they sit a Lousing themselves, on woundy hot Benches, making wry Faces and ugly Countenances, till such time as their Relations on Earth can raise a few Money to get 'em haul'd up to *St. Peter's* Territories, where they must pay something to the *Turn-Key* too; for no Body gets to *Heaven*, the *Popish* way, upon meer *Charity*.

Therefore, if the Emperour will take your *Country-mans* Advice, I would have him give the old Grizly *Bishop* of *Rome*, a round Sum for his Institution and Induction to the Crown of *Spain*, the Dominions and Territories thereunto belonging, and then carry all his Forces against the *French Tyrant*.

Obs. This would be putting the Crown of *Spain* to Sale to the highest bidder, throwing the Dice whether a Mans Coat be his own. Perhaps, before we have done, we may find out a better way.

And therefore, let us consider the *Pope* as a *Temporal Prince*, his *Infallibility* does not respect *Temporals*, nor has *Religion* any thing to do with the Rights of Princes or People, who claim *Dignities* or *Privileges* under the *Sanction* of *Laws of their own making*.

In considering the *Pope* as a *Temporal Prince*, we must also consider him as a *Nutral Prince*, and so descend to his behaviour as such. He that is a *Nuter*, is of no side, according to the Etimoligy of the Word; a *Nutral Prince*, in respect to *War*, or in a *Martial Sence*, is one that is in perfect Amity with Contending Powers, that are Engaged in War near his Territories; and as he has no Engagement, so he ought to have no Interest in the *War*.

We speak now according to the Custom of Nations, in Respect to what Contending Powers do expect from *Neutral Princes*.

1. That *Neutral Princes* may keep some Forces as their Defence against the Armies in their Teritories, to preserve themselves from any Insults.

2. That these Forces are not to Annoy or Destroy any of the Forces of the Contending Powers.

3. That these *Neutral Princes* are not Openly or Clandestinely, either by Men, Money, Forrage, Provisions, or any other Necessaries of *War* to Aid, Assist, Abet or Succour any, or either of the Contending Powers.

4. That they are not to Contrive, Design, or Carry on any Mischievous Intent against either of the said Powers, by Corresponding with any of the said Contending Potentates, or any others in *Amity* with them, to the Prejudice and Hurt of either of the Contending Parties, but to bear an equal Ballance of *Fidelity* and *Amity* betwixt both.

5. That the Contending Powers are alike to be prohibited Passage thro' the *Neutral Countries*, without *Favour*, *Affection* or *Partiality*.

6. That the *Ambassadors*, *Envoys*, or *Agents* of the Respective Contending Powers, shall have the same *Favour* of *Reception* and *Audience* of the Courts of *Neutral Princes*.

And lastly, That if the *Neutral Prince* shall Act otherwise than above mentioned, that Prince, *Ipso Facto*, becomes an Enemy, and by breaking the observ'd Rules of *Neutrality*, brings himself into the Circumstance of an Infringer of Treaties, and by his declaring for the Interest of a Party, in a manner, he Publishes a Declaration of *War*, and ought to be treated as an open Enemy.

Now, that the *Pope* has done all this, is Notoriously true; and that 'tis the Interest of the Confederated Powers to declare a War against the *Ecclesiastick State*, is as Evident. For whilst such a strange sort of Power as that of the *Holy See* has the *Liberty*, under pretence of *Religion*, to Embarrass the Affairs of the Confederacy; and the *Popish Powers* engaged therein believe themselves bound by Duty to Obey the Commands of their *Spiritual Father*, the *Pope*, the *Protestant Powers* may expect to meet with such Treatment as the Duke of *Marlborough* met with this Campaign on the *Moselle*; but more of this at another Season.

Country-m. Master *Observator*, this Discourse of yours is Rational and Necessary. I wish the great ones would hearken to it, and consider. Come, Master, here's Confusion to the *He-Whore* of *Babylon*, and so let's go to Bed.

Advertisements.

THere is now prepared and left to be Sold at Mr. *Hows*, in *Talbot-Court*, in *Grace-Church-street*, *London*, and at Mr. Smith's, the Post-Office, in Russel-street, Covent-Garden, Bookseller; Twelve-penny Pots of the finest *Lucatullu's Balsam* that ever was made in *England*, there being added to it the true Balm of *Gilead*, and three or four other Rich Balsamick Ingredients, which makes it a Noble thing, and of a delicate fragrant Scent and Taste: Rub a little on your hand, you'll soon discern a difference from all others. 'Tis a most Efficacious Medicine (as now prepar'd) in all Inward Strains, Bruises, Pluritick Pains, Ulcers of the Lungs, or any Inward part; Cough, shortness of Breath, spitting of Blood, of any other Evacuation of Blood in Men or Women; it Relieves the Pains in the Kidneys and Bladder, thro' Stone, Gravel, or sharpness of Urine, causing the Water to slide away easily; 'tis to be taken the quantity of a Nutmeg twice or three times a day, roll'd up in Sugar, especially at Night going to Bed, it easing Coughs wonderfully, and gives rest ——'Tis of such general use, that no Family ought to be without it, for Cuts and Green Wounds it helps in 48 Hours, takes away Pains and Aches by Anointing with it hot. It certainly Cures chapt Nipples, Lips, and Hands, making them wonderfully smooth and soft.

☞ At the same places is Sold the common sort, only better made then is usually Sold in the Shops, at *6d.* a Pot.

There is now preparing for the Press

Dunton's Whipping Post: Or, a Satyr upon every Body. — To which is added *a Panegirick* on the most deserving Gentlemen and Ladies (now Living) in the three Kingdoms. — To this Work is annex'd *the Phœnix*, being a Revival of whatever *Occurrences*, *Books*, *or Subjects* are rare and scarce, *&c.* Attempted by *John Dunton*, Author of the Book Entituled *A Cat may look on a Queen: Or, a Satyr upon Her present Majesty.* — This *Whipping-Post* will be Publish'd in parts at *6d.* each, (only the first will be *1s.*) as 'twill contain *The Plan of this Whipping Project*, A Satyr on the Weekly Writers, (Mr. *Foe*, Mr. *Tutchin*, Mr. *Ridpath*, excepted) A Panegirick on the most Eminent Persons in *Yorkshire*, and two Ingenious Poems, Written by Dr. *Wild*, never Printed before. *Part* 1. Will be Publish'd about a Month hence, and if it meet with a kind Reception, this *Whipping-Post will be continued Monthly*, in a Six-penny Book, and every *Friday* in a half Sheet, till the Work's Compleat. 'Twill be Sold by *B. Bragg*, in *Avemary Lane*.

THese are to give Notice, That Mary Kirleus, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate Physician of *London*, and Sworn Physician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Person that Sells (exactly prepared) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is Eminently Experienced to Cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leprosies, Venereal and *French* Disease, Running of the Reins, and all such Malignities, tho' never so Inveterate, in all Constitutions at all Seasons of the Year, hindring no Business, without Fluxing, or the use of *Mercury*, which is generally Destructive. These Medicines are Truly and Faithfully prepared, as directed by her Husband, and as made and delivered to his Patients by her in his Life time (they being the only Persons then that Sold it, and to whom the Secret was ever imparted. Therefore beware of several late false pretenders, for the daily certain and speedy Cures she performs will sufficiently recommend her Excellent Medicines, she Cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the Distressed will deal with all persons according to their Abilities. The Drink is *3s.* the Quart, the Pill *1s.* the Box, with Directions. She gives her Opinon for nothing to all that write or come to her, to those afar off as if they were present.

* She is Removed from the *Glass-Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden-Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over-against Great Turn Stile, in *Holbourn*.

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